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A DEFENCE OF CLASSICAL STUDIES.

Our object in this paper is, as briefly and distinctly as possible, to establish the proposition, that "the study of the Classics is essential to the highest intellectual culture;" and at the same time to answer the most palpable and commonly urged objections to such a judgment.

At first sight, from the important position which training in the Classics has held in all the great systems of education, from the revival of letters down to the present day, we might be tempted to pass by all such objections, with little or no notice. This, however, is not right. The sanction of time is not always conclusive. And it must be admitted that many of the arguments against our proposition, advanced in modern times, have considerable force. The subject is at least worthy of attentive consideration, and demands an ample vindication for our own minds and before others.

The utility of every study, according to Sir Wm. Hamilton, is two-fold—*absolute* and *relative*; absolute in being a good in itself, and relative in being a mean to some other or ulterior good. Under the absolute, every study has also a *subjective* and *objective* utility; subjective in "cultivating the mind or know-

ing subject, by calling its faculties into exercise;" objective in "furnishing the mind with a certain complement of truths or objects of knowledge."

Now if it can be proved with regard to the study of the Classics, that it unites these elements in due proportion; that it affords a vigorous discipline to the several faculties of the mind; that it furnishes a complement of excellent truths; that it becomes a mean to the attainment of other advantages; and if at the same time we can fortify these positions, by *signs* and by *examples* of its benefits, we think that the most incorrigible skeptic must yield his objections and assent to the proposition that "the study of the Classics is essential to the highest intellectual culture." If these conditions which we have lately mentioned (we speak with regard to those indicated by the heads of ABSOLUTE and RELATIVE utility) be granted, we may certainly *a priori* infer the conclusion contained in our proposition.*

It is our business, therefore, at once to establish these conditions.

In the first place let us consider the precise nature of the mental discipline which a study of the Classics affords.

The first and most obvious fact connected with the study of the classical languages (we refer of course to the Greek and Latin) is, that inasmuch as these are not spoken tongues, and are to a certain extent complicated in their structure, they can be mastered only by *continuous and laborious effort*. This has a

* *A priori*, according to Aristotle, means *reasoning from cause to effect*. In its more extended and improved use it means, *reasoning from the conditions given*.

Let us not be misunderstood on this point. We would not be thought to resort to any such absurd assumption, to any such *petitio-principii* as this—that the study of the Classics, better than any other, cultivates the mind, and \therefore is indispensable to the highest intellectual culture. We shall simply seek to show in detail that it calls forth the *several faculties* of the mind into vigorous exercise. This being established and granted, we may infer *a priori* that it is "essential to the highest intellectual culture."

tendency to inure the pupil to difficulties and induce a **HABIT** of *continuous and undivided attention*. In the next place, it is obvious that this study disciplines the **MEMORY**. The principles of grammar must be completely known and thoroughly memorized before any progress whatever can be attained. After this comes the work of forming and enlarging our vocabulary, which is in itself a most excellent discipline for the memory.

But this two-fold advantage, it may be said, is shared in common with other studies,—with the study of our own vernacular, for example. We are willing to grant this, for the sake of argument; although it might be urged with much propriety, that neither our own vernacular nor any of the spoken languages, inasmuch as they are spoken, present the same difficulties; and hence they must fail of inducing to the same degree the habit of perseverance and continuous attention to which we referred. It will however be admitted that the study of the Classics possesses these advantages. Let us then look for other and distinctive advantages.

The chief benefit, in the way of intellectual education, to be derived from the study whose importance we are vindicating, is that it sharpens, in a way peculiar to itself, the *analytic powers of the mind*. The Greek and Latin languages were built up by a race of intellectual Titans, and bear the marks of a perfection which no modern tongue has attained. Says Sydney Smith: "The two ancient languages are, as mere inventions—as pieces of mechanism—incomparably more beautiful than any of the modern languages of Europe: their mode of signifying time and case by terminations, instead of auxiliary words and participles, would of itself stamp their superiority." Their whole structure is indeed marvellously philosophical; and hence to thoroughly master them is required the highest degree of penetrating scrutiny, the most careful examination of their etymology and syntax, and the most accurate

noting of those subtle distinctions in which they are so abundant.

Among the more specific facilities for analysis afforded by a study of the Classics, we might mention (1) the structure of sentences, (2) the delicate shades of meaning indicated by the participles, prepositions, &c., (3) the abundance of synonyms, (4) the resolution of words into their constituent elements, and tracing them up to their sources, (5) the subtle relations of time expressed by the tenses of the verb, &c., &c.

We do not, however, deem it necessary to establish at length the fact to which we allude, viz: that these languages have this polish and perfection to such an extraordinary degree that they were constructed by people of such acute and powerful understandings. The fact being granted, it follows as an inevitable consequence that for their proper mastery is required a corresponding degree of subtle and powerful analysis. It cannot, after a consideration of what has been lately said, be claimed for our own vernacular, that it possesses in this respect (analysis) an equal advantage. Besides, it is hard to make anything so familiar, so wrought into our very nature, objective for our examination.

Again: the classical languages express to the fullest extent that peculiar æsthetic power for which the nations who formed them were so distinguished; and hence, when dutifully studied, have a tendency to induce the most refined *culture of taste*. This holds good not only with regard to the ideas, the truths they reveal, but also with regard to their very *constitution*. Says Frederic Jacobs: "The languages of Greek and Roman antiquity—for even the daughter demands a twig from the garland of her mother—of *themselves* claim our attention as a wonderful and almost divine work of nature and of art, and as a mirror of the cultivation of highly civilized nations."

We cannot pass on to the next topic in order without noting one element of culture which a study of the Classics affords,

that is too often left unmentioned;—it is the element of *moral culture*. This at first sight might seem most appropriately to belong to the head of Relative utility. We however conceive man's moral nature so closely interwoven with his intellectual, that the two cannot possibly be separated from each other, and hence must be considered together. It is well known that "confusion in speech leads to confusion in morals; perspicuity of diction is often the parent of clear mental and moral conceptions." The man who falls into the habit of stating things loosely and inaccurately stands in great danger of forming such a vague habit of mind as to be unable at length to define sharply the limits of truth and error.

Now the dutiful study of the Classics, as we have shown before, has a tendency to induce a habit of careful and accurate thought—of clear and keen perception; and hence must (indirectly and not universally, it is true,) have a beneficial influence on the moral nature. This question, however, we shall have occasion under another aspect to consider more fully.

We come now to consider the Objective utility of the study of the Classics. Upon this topic it is hard to speak with becoming moderation. When we think of the treasures the ancients have bequeathed us in their literature, every ingenuous mind must be filled with admiration and gratitude. Here every department of letters seems to have found its highest perfection. Here are afforded the best models for past, present, and we may safely say succeeding generations. Where does *Epic Poetry* find its prototype and perfection but in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*? What *Lyric Poetry* can equal the burning measures of Sappho, the martial strains of Tyrtæus, or the graceful odes of Horace? Under what hands, except it be those of the "myriad-minded" Englishman, has *Tragedy* assumed a more majestic form than under those of *Æschylus*? (In some respects indeed he is without a peer.) What *Comedies* are so rich, so diversified in their humor as those of *Aristophanes*? What *Satire* so

scathing as that of Juvenal and Horace? What *Histories*, for simplicity, impartiality, and graphic power, can be compared to the narratives of Thucydides and Herodotus? Does not ideal *Oratory* stand personified, before the *ἐκκλησία* in Demosthenes?—at the Forum, in Cicero? What uninspired wisdom more profound than that of Socrates? And are not philosophers, logicians and rhetoricians of the present day content to pick the crumbs that fall from Aristotle's and Plato's tables? But here the question may arise might not the labor of acquiring these truths in the language in which they were first announced, be dispensed with as unnecessary, when we may obtain them as well through the medium of translation into our own? We answer very decidedly in the negative, and for the following reasons: (1) Because of the instinctive repugnance which every well-regulated mind has at receiving truth at second-hand, the natural tendency of not deeming our knowledge of anything complete or accurate until we have traced it up to its source or cause. (2.) Because in view of the vital relation that language sustains to thought in the act of translation we come in a peculiar manner to a knowledge of the character of the people who formed the language; and (3.) because "no translation can make a full and fair exhibition of its original. This inadequacy results from the necessary difference which exists between the different languages, which renders it impossible that words can be put for words so that the meaning, force and beauty should remain unchanged." Might it not be seriously questioned whether Homer would hold the place he does if we knew him only through Pope's and Chapman's translations? What does the very word "translation" imply, but "transferring" from one sphere to another? So that the knowledge it gives us is plainly but a moiety of the knowledge that should and can be obtained.

While we are on this topic let us take occasion to destroy a very common and a very unfounded prejudice against the

study of the Classics, viz: that from the nature of the truths with which it brings us into contact, it has an *immoral tendency*. Objections of this class can, we think, in nowise refer to the danger of corruption from the religious or ethical theories of antiquity. These are advocated with scarcely enough force to carry conviction or conversion to any even tolerably enlightened mind. They must have special reference to *obscenity*. We say this objection is unfounded. We do not pretend to deny that the writings of Anacreon, Ovid, Catullus, Martial, Petronius, and even Horace, there may be found passages which could hardly be read with propriety to a parlor full of ladies; but this, after a little reflection, we think can scarcely be deemed such a sweeping objection, as to consign all the literature of classical antiquity to the purgatory of fire. This may be seen from the following considerations: (1.) Through expurgated editions of classical authors we may avoid all that is offensive, and at the same time lose no substantial benefit. (2.) The same objection might apply with equal force to the literature of any other people—even to our own. We might as well forbid the study of French because Eugene Sue, Dumas and Paul de Kock have published their obscene novels in that language; or of Italian because it contains the Decameron of Boccaccio. This same principle would lay a ban upon the reading of Shakspeare because he wrote “Venus and Adonis” and the “Passionate Pilgrim.” If obscenity *preponderated* in the literature of the ancients, this objection might have some weight; but this is not the case—and therefore the fact that it may be found in some instances affords hardly a sufficient ground for discarding all the good which is otherwise to be found. (3.) The chief harm, as some discriminating author has observed, from obscene publications is due to their character of *voluptuousness*, and not to *grossness*. Now the ancients offend more by grossness than by voluptuousness. As a general thing they paint vice in its most disgusting phases, and

hence, in the light of christian civilization, by such a process, it must lose very much of its attractiveness. Another quite common objection to the study of the Classics, which might be considered in this connection, is that it produces pedantry and superficiality. These terms seem hardly to require a definition. Pedantry, it is well known, means nothing more than an ostentatious display of whatever knowledge we may have acquired; and superficiality such a knowledge as penetrates no deeper than the surface of a subject. The causes of these it is manifest cannot lie so much in the *study* as in the man. Pedantry in most cases arises from the conception, whether true or false, that we possess some knowledge in an extraordinary degree over others. Now a thorough knowledge of the Classics is not such a rare occurrence as to warrant any one in pluming himself on whatever acquaintance he may have with them. Indeed, if the sciences should be urged as a substitute for classical training, this objection would have more weight against them, for acquaintance with them is more rare. We cannot see how a study of the Classics can produce "superficiality." If the question of the difficulty with which they are mastered should be raised, the same objection would apply with equal force to other studies. It cannot be said that a superficial knowledge is all that we can have of them, for facts would flatly contradict any such assertion.

We pass on now to consider the *relative* utility of this study. The study of the Classics becomes a mean to other or ulterior good: (1.) by sharpening our faculties, and thus qualifying us in better manner to engage in other studies. (2.) There are many studies in which this is directly implicated. Among these we might mention especially the learned professions—law and theology; to the latter of these a knowledge of the Classics is absolutely indispensable. (3.) A knowledge of the ancient languages assists us very materially in the acquisition of the modern. The German, French, Italian, &c., are of kin-

dred stock with the Greek and Latin. (4.) But a knowledge of the Classics will especially assist us to the clear understanding and use of our own vernacular; (a) by affording us an opportunity of *comparison*; (b) in the formation of a fluent English style, which must certainly be very much facilitated by translation; (c) in the enlarging of our vocabulary and giving us a clearer understanding of a large number of English words. What would we know of "tribulation," "dilapidated," &c., &c., if we knew nothing of their original signification? (5.) This study offers a pleasing recreation to the man of business. The communion it affords with the great and good of other ages has a soothing and elevating effect. It often, too, awakens pleasant memories of other days, calls up the "dog-eared Virgil," the village play-ground, and the College green, and with them the dear, familiar faces so loved in the days of youth. (6.) An acquaintance with these studies introduces us into the brotherhood of scholars, to the communion of great and lovely minds.

In view of all that has been said, can it be claimed for any other study that it possesses, that it *combines* so many advantages? We will not stop to consider comparative merits. From this positive and absolute consideration in view of the conditions we have stated and sought to establish, can any candid mind assert that this study can be displaced by any other without seriously interfering with a high and symmetrical mental development, that it is not "*essential* to the highest intellectual culture?"

But this *a priori* proof may be strengthened by the most satisfactory testimony. John Milton, William Pitt, Edmund Burke, Curran, Robert Hall, Henry Lord Brougham, Lord Palmerston, De Quincey, Lord Macaulay, and a host of other distinguished men too numerous to mention, have given ample, repeated, and explicit testimony to the value and importance of classical training. Now when we consider the moral standing of these persons, their capability for forming a cor-

rect judgment, and the fact that no extraneous motive can be conceived of, which could prompt them to give this evidence by all the laws of testimony, we ought to give the utmost respect to their decision. To this might be added, subject to the same criteria, the authoritative judgment of many learned councils, universities, &c., and lastly, in view of foregoing considerations, the fact that this study has been handed down with the sanction of preceding generations.

Lastly, these individuals, whose testimony we have cited, may with perfect propriety be viewed in the light of examples of the benefits of classical training. "This at least is demonstrated that the time they devoted to classical studies had not obstructed their elevation. But surely there is a very strong presumption from the proportion they bear to the total number of distinguished men, that classical learning and the accomplishments derived from the study of it must have given them great advantages in all competition for distinction." Under a modification of this principle we might also cite the intellectual positions of Germany and Great Britain as examples of the benefits of classical studies.

Having conducted our argument to its close let us briefly review the ground over which we have gone. This is the thesis we nailed up at the outset, and have attempted to defend: "The study of the classics is essential to the highest intellectual culture." This we attempted to defend, by citing examples of the benefits of classical training; by the authoritative judgment of grave tribunals, by the explicit testimony of credible witnesses; by a consideration of the relative utility of classical study showing that it becomes a mean to other or ulterior good; by a consideration of the absolute utility of this study, showing that it is a good in itself, that it disciplines the mind by calling forth its several faculties into vigorous exercise, that it introduces us into regions of thought and feeling whose treasures have enriched the present and preceding

generations, treasures which can be found in full perfection only in the soil where they were first imbedded, which lose almost all their beauty and lustre when transplanted in foreign ground. On this last point we would dwell with lingering emphasis. Discard the classical languages and you lose—what? (I.) You close one main avenue to a true insight into the genius of the two greatest nations of antiquity. Language is a historical and moral power. (II.) You lose all the beauty which may be derived from these languages in themselves, so gloriously beautiful and perfect as pieces of mechanism. And lastly, by substituting translations you diminish the power and beauty of the truths these languages contain.

ABUSES OF READING.

WHEN we view the perverted condition of the mind and heart of man, we are not surprised at the otherwise strange fact, that every good thing on this earth may be, and is likely to be, abused. Were the mind alone perverted, abuse would be unintentional, and perhaps unconscious; but since both mind and heart are perverted, abuse is often conscious, because intentional. Of the two kinds, wilful abuse is the more frequently met with, as the heart with its propensities to sin is more controlling in its influence than the mind with its liabilities to error. Still the cases are far from few in which the abuse arises from ignorance, and he who is guilty of it is entirely unaware of his error. Perhaps he is desirous of putting that which he abuses to the best use, and imagines he is succeeding in accomplishing his wishes. This sort of abuse, though possessing none of the heinousness of the other, is followed by the same pernicious consequences; or, rather, the consequences are more pernicious, since the evil effects are less likely to be avoided.

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There is nothing, probably, that is so often unconsciously abused as reading. All are aware of its value in regard to intellectual development, and all who are seeking the improvement of their minds are anxious to make use of reading as an important means in the attainment of the desired end. Yet there are many false impressions concerning its true nature, and the manner in which alone it may be pursued with profit, and these impressions give rise each to its corresponding abuse.

The consequences arising from the abuses of reading are most pernicious to the mind, since reading bears to it the relation that food does to the body; and as that food, which, when properly administered to the body, affords it wholesome nourishment, brings about numerous and baleful diseases, when improperly administered, so, in complete analogy, is it with reading, the food of the mind. When reading is properly made use of, the mind works healthily, and its powers are capable of putting forth vigorous action; but when reading is abused, the mind becomes diseased, and its faculties become puny and sickly.

The various abuses, also, of mental food, and the diseases thereby engendered, find their analogy in the abuses of the food of the body, with their diseases; and in both instances, they are unintentional, and often unconscious, till their evil consequences are felt. It is our purpose to mention some of the most common mental diseases brought about by abuse of the mind's food, preserving the analogy between them and physical diseases.

Perhaps the abuse of the food of the body which is most frequently met with, is that it is eaten too fast. The disease to which this gives rise is dyspepsia, and its effects are most evil upon the whole system. The various organs of digestion of necessity slow in their operation, instead of being allowed free and healthy action, become clogged when food is eaten

too fast, and there is thereby produced such a languor and debility throughout the entire body as to render every exertion painful. Alike pernicious to the mind is the error of reading too fast. The mind possesses digestive organs as well as the body. These are the discursive faculties whose duty it is to take the food presented, to assimilate it to the mind, and make it contribute to the mind's growth. The process, like the analogous one in the body, is slow, but so long as full time is granted, other things being propitious, these faculties will well perform their task, and a healthful vigor will be everywhere felt. If, however, an attempt be made, even though unconsciously, to hasten their operation, by forcing upon them food upon food, they will refuse to do that which they are called upon to perform, and mental dyspepsia ensues, which unfits the mind for all energizing. There are many who are guilty of this abuse, and some even take pride in their fast reading, delighting to boast of the very large number of books they have read in a very small period of time. It is certainly nothing to boast of, but should by all means be avoided.

Another way in which the food of the body is abused, perhaps as frequently met with as the one just mentioned, and similar to it in its nature and consequences, is that too much of it is eaten at one time. The food itself may be nutritious, sufficient time may be granted for the operation of the organs of digestion, but not enough interval of rest is allowed them. Exercise is beneficial everywhere, and nothing more than it tends to the promotion of health and growth. But there must also be a due amount of rest. The one is as essential as the other. The members of the body are weakened rather than strengthened, and are contracted rather than expanded, under the influence of too intense or too prolonged exertion. So is it with the mind; if we would have it in health, its powers must be vigorously exercised, but they should never be jaded, for if once "jaded by an attempt above their power," there

is great danger that they will never again be capable of putting forth the vigorous action that they otherwise would.

Again, diseases arise in the body from excessive exclusiveness in the selection of food, however nutritious in itself the kind selected may be. Diet may be necessary to eradicate disease from the system, but to the sane body it is injurious. Nature loves variety and pines if it can not have it. The eye is easily wearied by looking at the most beautiful colors, if there be no change. The ear is soon satiated by hearing the richest chords of an instrument, if the same be repeatedly struck. So is it with all the organs of both body and mind. A man's body can not be healthy and strong if he eat but one sort of food, nor can his mind be vigorous if his reading be narrowed down to but one or two branches of literature. But here as elsewhere love of change should be indulged within proper limits only, and should not be allowed to become excessive, that is, to run into fickleness. Reading should be diversified, but not multifarious.

But the evils arising from the error of exclusiveness in the selection of physical or mental food are increased tenfold when the sort of food selected is not in itself nutritious; and unhappily, since to our perverted taste wholesome food is not the most pleasant, the one soon leads to the other. When men of their own accord, and not because diseased, narrow themselves down to but one kind of food, that kind is not likely to be of a nutritious character. Wholesome food may go far to counteract the evil influences of a lack of variety, but when the two errors of exclusiveness and a poor selection are combined, the pernicious consequences cannot be estimated. Soon a morbid taste is acquired, which renders those kinds of food which alone can afford substantial nourishment intolerably insipid.

So then of the several abuses of reading that have been mentioned, this last, both from its nature and tendencies, is

most pernicious; but all of them should be studiously avoided. Youth, with its strong tenacity of life and health, may counteract all their evil influences, but if they are constantly or frequently indulged in, lasting injury to the mind may be the result.

"ADIEU."

TO A CLASSMATE.

I AM sitting—I am gazing,
On the Hesper couch of day—
On the cloud festoons now blazing,
With many a crimson ray—
On the ling'ring, sportive sunbeams,
In their blithe and bouyant play!
And I'm thinking of my childhood—
Of the ones that I loved best—
Of the hearth-stone and the wildwood,
And the lips that mine have pressed!
O, these mem'ries are my treasures,
Ever present—ever new!—
They are mingled pains and pleasures,
And in cloud and sunbeam measures,
They are whispering—"Adieu!"

* * * *

Now the festal train, so fitting
To the King of Day, is gone!
In the twilight I am sitting,
Musing sadly and alone—
Save the shadows round me flitting,
'Mid the darkness coming on!
But the Vesper torch is lighted—
Trembling beams the argent ray—
By an angel's breath affrighted,
Lest it should be blown away!
Yet amid the growing glimmer,
Fade the shadows to my view—
Hope is in that silver shimmer—
Memories of Earth grow dimmer,
Whisp'ring as they pass—"Adieu!"

This is life! its evolutions
 Move us swiftly or delay;
 And our cast-off resolutions,
 Form the couch of every day!—
 Death will furnish all solutions,
 Of the problems by the way!
 Should the Shadows that receive us,
 When we come to his estate;
 Follow on and never leave us,
 Far beyond his portal gate—
 Should they with eternal sorrow,
 Wrap us in remorseful hue—
 Gone—the star frow which to borrow,
 Gleeeful hope of Heaven's to-morrow—
 Gone!—and whispering—“*Adieu!*”

We are brothers!—thou art leaving!
 Soon thy bark will brave the sea!
 By the good we've been receiving,
 Round our cherished Mother's knee—
 By our joys in Christ believing—
 May we *always brothers be!*
 When thy bark is tempest driven,
 Or when storm-fiends round thee low'r—
 Cast the eye of faith to Heaven,
 And bethink the *twilight* hour!
 May the *fillet-star*, adorning
 Evening's coronet of blue—
 Ever give the blissful warning,
 Of a bright *to-morrow morning*,
 Sparkling in its *Golden Dew!*

X. E. P.

BORES.

WE know of few words in our tongue which contain such a volume of significance as the plain Saxon verb “to bore,” as applied by collegians. To them it seems to imply more than whole sentences would express to one uninitiated in the ways of college-life, and a stranger to its pleasures and perplexities. It contains that element which causes the chords to

vibrate that in every human breast beat responsive to the touch of trouble and annoyance. Its full meaning can never be grasped except by those who have passed the ordeal of its effects and been exposed to the full tide of its power. To such an one, if the idea "bore" be presented, a mental image is immediately formed, at once horrible and deformed. It is, too, more closely wrought into the language than we are apt to imagine. Whether a man be sick, annoyed, blue, or vexed with any disorder in any manner whatever, he is *bored*. This reveals the whole story, and conveys to the mind precisely what the speaker meant to assert.

There are a class of individuals in every grade of society, who seem to have appropriated the characteristic qualities of this term to their own natures. They are those unfortunate beings so universally known and detested as *bores*. Happily their number is limited, and fortunately, too, there is that about them which sooner or later causes their presence to be detected. Like that chemical compound which invariably blushes at the approach of an acid, so does the human soul recognize and shrink from the contaminating influence of these characters.

As far as our observation extends, College bores are of three kinds, viz.:

- I. Those who bore you actively.
- II. Those who bore you passively.
- III. Those who bore you upon no special plan.

It may be remarked that the first species under the great genus bore, is by far the most numerous and influential. The members of this class display their proclivities in as many different ways as there are diversities of temperament. They are, however, generally speaking, jolly fellows. They mean well enough, and yet manage to bore you profoundly. Considering your room as joint property, he will frequently enter it at the most unseasonable hours, will smoke your best pipe,

and will deposit the expectoration resulting therefrom on your carpet, instead of in the spittoon. Meantime he appropriates the book in which you have begun to be intensely interested, and, reading until he is tired, will finally arise, say he's obliged to go, and bolt off with both book and pipe. Or, being a jolly fellow, he will evidence his propensities for boring by upsetting things generally, and leaving you to smile upon the abundant tokens of his jollity. For all this he possesses one merit; you know he is a bore, and calls upon you to cause you to undergo the tortures of his manipulations. Yet, in the recitation room, he is as great a bore as in the private apartment. There you are sure of finding his feet in the middle of your back, or his tobacco juice landing in painful proximity to your foot. Remonstrance is of little avail, and the only argument he seems capable of comprehending, is that of force. In these warlike times, he may be aptly enough compared to an ever active and vigilant foe, who, watching for your weak points, hurls against them all his force; or to a skilful enemy, who will lead you on, accompanied by the sounds and sweet music of his jollity until you find yourself facing a terrific masked battery in the shape of a prodigious bore. Against such beware!

But the second class, under the genus above mentioned, is worse than the first. We have designated him as the passive bore; how else shall we style him? He is one of those who visits you often, and esconces himself in your easiest chair; lighting a pipe he envelopes both himself and you in a dense cloud blown from the fragrant weed. His ideas will prove as completely veiled as his person. You cannot persuade him to talk, but he is very willing to listen. He has few opinions of his own, and these he never advances. You find it utterly impossible to draw him from his crab-like shell. Do you propose to walk? He "never walks." Will he engage in any game whatever? Not a bit of it. Does he ever propose to

go out of your room? Not at all, but there he sits, and still he sits, unmoved by the piteous sighs you heave at the unnatural infliction, and utterly impervious to your broadest hints for him to move on. And sitting thus in wonder and surprise at his insufferable coolness, is it strange that you come to the conclusion that he's a mighty borous fellow?

Such are some of our bores. The first may be endured, for with all his jollity, ill-timed though it often is, there is generally mixed some genuine good humor that will provoke a laugh. Those blessed with an extra amount of patience may tolerate the second, but nought that we can imagine will mitigate the horrors of the third class. This one it is who combines in his own person the qualities of all and every other species of bores. He will bore you with his mirth or taciturnity, as the case may be. He is the expert, the studied, the professional bore; ready on all occasions and whenever opportunity offers. He is generally an old student; a nice fellow, too! Yes! no doubt of that; you confess him to be a capital fellow. He is the especial delight of the newies. In relation to all College matters he is an oracle, and will recite his experiences in such a manner as to render them very entertaining, without seeming to force them upon you. You esteem him highly; and when he comes to you to borrow a little sum of money, "just for a day or two," you esteem yourself honored in being permitted to loan to such an accomplished gentleman. The day or so drags into a month or two, and when seriously embarrassed for funds, you ask him "about that little loan," he meets you with enviable coolness, and puts you off on one excuse and another, until, despairing of success, you whistle vacantly, while your thoughts frame the polished individual into a still farther exemplification of the genus "bore." This is but one instance of a great number of examples. From the insidious and polished bore, who measures your disposition to a turn, and then bores you accordingly, may the good angels guard us.

We have thus feebly described the class of bores among us. Let no one imagine us misanthropical, or laboring under the depressing influence of having been recently annoyed. Far from it. Experience, dearly bought, it is true, has enabled us to detect a bore at first sight. Looking backwards over our College life, we distinctly see the miseries that beset our path, and it is to caution our fellow-students against the attack of bores that the present article was written. If we have succeeded in depicting these gentry so that they may be recognized, we have attained the end we had in view.

TWILIGHT THOUGHTS.

If we recognize as true, the testimony of those who have preceded us, we are now enjoying the halcyon days of existence, seasons of peace and tranquillity, the golden moments of pleasure. Like the gentle zephyrs, the benign influence will be appreciated, and although "momentary as a sound, swift as a shadow, and short as a dream," the remembrance of the Past will ever be dear and pleasant—never obliterated,

"While life and breath and being lasts,
Or immortality endures."

Sitting by our window, arrayed in the canonicals of comfort, gazing upon the golden Phœbus, "robed in flowers and amber light," as she "gilds tree, shrub and flower," and observing the passing forms, as the "mingled notes come softened from below," our thoughts voluntarily recur to that day, when we did, or rather when we should, have cast aside "childish things." A flood of incidents and endearing reminiscences loom up like pyramids before our hitherto obscure but now clear vision. We see in their reflection what we really are, and in what we are deficient. Insignificant in themselves they may be, yet they assist in composing and

moulding our character, even as "little things made this beautiful land." In that important epoch we were Freshmen. Two years have already elapsed! Memory, indignant, denies the declaration, but echo, in an unmistakable peal, answers "time rolls his ceaseless course." Well, they have been pleasant days—yes, glorious ones. Their influence has been the source of all the experience and improvement acquired. In some cases, perhaps the foundation of success has been established and made as permanent as the impenetrable and unchangeable rocks of Gibraltar. Our journey has been through Canaan, "milk and honey" have been abundant, and the "pillar of cloud and fire" has been a light unto our path and preserved us from sinking into the slough of destruction. Happily, we are not yet acquainted with "the wilderness," "the manna," and "the bitter waters of Marah." Thus far we have basked in the genial rays of the "King of day." Cool and refreshing springs, like ladies' smiles, have removed the feelings of dejection and distress as they occasionally disturbed the even tenor of our mind.

But as we listlessly dream away time, and our mind is borne on by the resistless current of events, thoughts of the future impress us. Conscience proposes a serious question, one difficult to solve and answer satisfactorily,—“What will you do when you graduate?” Assuredly this is not a blank cartridge to terminate in smoke, but rather a “home thrust,” pregnant with interests relating to our future welfare. If the interrogation has not already been solved, and our resolution respecting it determined, the thought of it should startle us from the surrounding lethargy, and inflict as indelible an impression as the ghost of Banquo affected the mind of Macbeth. We might justly and honestly conclude from actions and from the nonchalant and indifferent manner in which the “I don’t know” is responded to the above question, that there was no future, no “stern realities of life” with which we must ear-

nestly combat and labor for the supremacy. Would that we possessed the argumentative influence of Paul, that we might depict the necessity of earnest and undivided reflection. It addresses itself particularly and personally to every one connected with a College. To the Freshman on the eve of entering a long and inestimable course of study, whose plans have not been regulated or matured; and also to the Senior on the eve of graduation, it applies with an equal and irresistible force. It bids all to be "up and doing," to create plans, to employ abilities and to direct the mind in the proper channel of strict duty. It is evident that we take no note of time; four years rapidly pass, we graduate, and for our support are thrown upon the charities of the world. With no end in view, no object to accomplish, no beacon light to guide us aright amid the gloomy haze of misfortune, we become drones in society, black sheep in the flock, and instead of exerting a beneficial and honorable influence on civilization, the reverse is exercised.

Our minds are too flexible; they are as mutable as a weather-vane, and as fluttering as a moth around a lighted candle. We reflect upon all topics and adopt none; castles are built in the air, but with the next new thought they vanish. This should cease. A systematic mind and the power of dispersing knowledge is only gained by concentration. It is related of Oliver Wendell Holmes, that having retired for repose, his mind still intent and wrapped up in some important subject, he arose with the intention of expressing his thoughts on paper. Utterly unconscious, saving of the all-pervading theme, he seized, as he supposed, a card of matches, for the purpose of procuring a light. Unsuccessful, he again retired. It is difficult to imagine his surprise, when he subsequently discovered that the "teeth" of his wife's hair comb had been broken. The cause of his futile attempt was most evident. If concentration of this character is acquired, our vision will

grow brighter and brighter unto the more "perfect day." The absorbing question will lose all its intricacies, and admit of an easy solution. The path of duty will become visible, and we will be able to exclaim cheerfully and willingly that,

"This world is not so bad a world,
As some would like to make it;
Though whether good or whether bad,
Depends on how we take it."

NOVUS HOMO.

THE SENIOR'S STORY.

Ficta voluptatis causa sint proxima veris.—HOR.

"Do we err? Then we can humbly crave his worship's pardon."—AXON.

"Yes," said the Senior, meditatively, "sometimes it don't take much to settle a man's profession. When the weights F and F' are in equilibrio, a flea's muscle either way will damage the statics of the question."

He was silent a moment: *omnes intentique ora tenebant.*

"Fellows, shall I tell you a tale 'y^e moral' whereof inclineth the same way?"

The ready Junior to the wish of the others added his own, and the eyes of the romantic Freshman sparkled and he thought of the entertainments a Thousand and One.

The Senior cut off the glare of the lamp, tipped back his chair and began.

When I was a Freshman, I had a friend here in his last year. I then counted Seniors little less than prodigies. No doubt it's a fine thing to be one; but the fact is, when you look up through two years, the thing's magnified.

The Freshman modestly thought it couldn't be.

The Senior said it was, though.

"Tom was about twenty-two, but looked every bit twenty-five, and a fine manly fellow he was. He had no near connections, and he didn't care much for visiting in vacations. So he

spent them in reading and rambling. He hadn't thought much what he should do, only he wanted to be an active man, a genuine humanitarian, and all that sort of thing. It was decided for him in one of his strolls, and in an odd way.

One July Saturday he left his stopping-place and walked out through a pleasant rolling country.

"Reminds me of ten-pins," remarked little Ben.

The Senior looked pained. The rest of the group wore a severe air of gravity; and the Junior, stroking that portion of his face to which he was accustomed to apply the ointment, forbade all interruptions. Ben was abashed and wondered at his own forwardness. With a forgiving glance the narrator resumed.

"Towards afternoon the scenery became more interesting and the slopes more considerable. The road passed along by a little church with a grave-yard around it. From appearances, the house might have been built before the Revolution; the grave-yard showed on this side and that a new white stone, but generally old, time-eaten and moss-grown brown slabs. Here and there poverty and affection had compromised in a pitiful wooden head-piece, Sacred to the Memory of the dear one, who had been Born at such a time, but in such a year and month had Died. For the poor also have feelings.

"I've been at this same place, and it's not strange that Tom, who had a keen eye to the picturesque and ready susceptibilities, turned off the road for a closer look. He couldn't get into the church, but he climbed up to a window-sill and looked in. The inside was in much better keeping than the out; but there was nothing special to be seen. He jumped down and sauntered away among the graves. Here was one with the name worn away, and only "Died 1788" on it. And near by the remains of one who had been "an Honourable and Merciful Magistrate," most a hundred years before. Not far off, and under a willow, was a slab, "———, Pastor H—— Church. Died 1809. Was not, for y^e Lord called."

The Senior stopped and abstractedly shifted his legs into another position. The reminiscences of the old cemetery were clearly clogging the course of the story. He needed a gentle reminder.

"I've heard of that minister," one said.

"Yes, he was a shining light in his day. Well, Tom went round in his musing way, thinking how much a rustic Old Mortality was wanted to bring out half-defaced letters and restore dim, quaint inscriptions, perhaps the only memorials of a country generation gone by years ago. These men had once tilled the soil, dwelt in the houses scattered around, and looked with pleasure, as from the hill-side he might do, over fields of green and gold, the acres of growing corn and of stubble not yet dimmed."

"But Tom's reverie was broken by a step. He turned and saw a benevolent-looking old man with white cravat, evidently the minister of the place. As Tom afterwards learned, Mr. — prided himself upon his penetration, boasting he could tell a preacher almost as far as he could see him. It was his foible.

"Now Tom was not one of your forward fellows; no more was he stiff and backish. So he bowed respectfully to the old gentleman.

"Interesting relics," observed the shepherd.

"Very," said Tom.

"Are you not a P——n student?"

"I am," Tom answered.

"Ah! I was sure of it," replied the old gentleman in a gratified manner. "Always know 'em; am a P——n man myself."

"Of what class?" inquired Tom.

"Class of —. Name's ——. May I ask yours?"

"Thomas —, and I have just finished my Junior year." And then he gave answer to a general inquiry that

"the Professors" were flourishing, and so they talked on in pleasant strain for half an hour.

The upshot of it was, the shepherd invited Tom to *preach* for him next day! "To be sure," said he with a smile, "it isn't usual for Juniors to preach, but I'm in a perplexity. I promised to go over to M——, expecting Bro. S. to fill my own place, but here at the last moment he sends word that sickness prevents him. You can just as well try your hand at it."

Of course Tom was considerably astonished at the laxity of the worthy parson, for he well knew the general rigidity of the clergy. But as Mr. —— pressed his point in full knowledge of all the circumstances, and as Tom was naturally an obliging fellow, and the plan had the attraction of novelty, why, he didn't hold out long, and in a few minutes was on his way to the parsonage. The minister introduced him to his wife, installed him in his study, and immediately left to redeem his own promise.

Then first Tom began to think. He had certainly been rash, hasty, inconsiderate. He wished he'd reflected. He went over in his own mind the whole conversation with his new acquaintance, when, like a flash of lightning, the truth came over him. How dull he had been! The old gentleman had taken him for a Seminole! and had acted accordingly.

"You see," said the Senior, explanatorily, "the shepherd jumped at his conclusion, was sure he was right, and in the talk about grave-stones, scenery, and all that sort of thing, nothing came out to set him so. And Tom in his innocence hadn't the least idea of the mistake."

"Did he back out?" asked the Freshman eagerly.

"It surely was a fix, but Mr. —— was gone too far to be called back; and then Tom had promised, and—and—in short, he supposed it his duty to go on and do the best he could."

"Bully for him!" cried the reassured Freshman.

With a look of mild reproof of such levity, the Senior continued: "So Tom began to prepare. He'd been used now and then to talk a little in social meetings. But, mathematically, that was to his present enterprise as miscellaneous popping with a dollar brass-barrel is to rifle-shooting. You may be sure his slumbers were not long or deep that night.

Well, the time came and so did the people, in carriages and buggies, on horseback and on foot, till upon that July Sabbath there were most three hundred in that little country church. Our friend Thomas felt a little pale as he walked in, but he was impressed with the solemnity of the thing. Then, too, he wasn't troubled by too much consciousness, and soon lost all sight of himself. He never told me what his own performance was; but he said every one was still as a mouse, and every eye on his. And afterwards there were sundry and divers smilings and noddings and whisperings and glancings. For it's a hard thing for poor human nature to keep from praise or blame, even in sacred things.

Tom went home to dinner with the physician of the neighborhood; and that day a pair of hazel eyes poured out coffee for him. *must have been pretty weary* !!!

Next morning the old minister came home in trouble. He had happened to see a catalogue of theologues in training, but but the name of Thomas ——— appeared not therein. He feared he'd been imposed on. However, he met a good brother who applauded "the promising young chap" in such high terms that Tom's explanation soon after was readily admitted. But he said "law was law, though it were ecclesiastical," and he didn't ask Tom to preach for him again for a long time—not for most three years. For the life-work had been settled.

Monday evening Tom considered it the correct thing to call upon the Doctor, who of course was providentially and professionally absent. He must have been well entertained,

though, for he accepted the hospitality of the parsonage for the rest of vacation. And next session there came a good many letters sealed with blue.

Nearly three years after I went down with Tom and heard him preach the second time in the old church on the hill-side. When he left there the physician had lost his daughter.

The Senior stopped, and the story was ended.

"You have been better than your promise," said the patronizing Junior, lighting a cigar. "You were to tell us how a circumstance fixed one thing: that is, a profession. But your circumstance settled two."

The Freshman laughed.

"BIG THING!"

PART FIRST.

A wonderful world is this world of ours—

"Big thing!"

As it flies thro' space on the winged Hours!

"Big thing!"

And a thousand thousand "*little things*"—

Of human hearts in their pulsate springs—

Are beating the strokes of those mystic wings!

Democritus laughs as he merrily sings—

"Big thing!"

Tho' man may be *little*, he sometimes thinks,

"Big thing!"

That Self may be measured by infinite links,

"Big thing!"

And with *lynx-eyed* acuteness he clearly perceives,

Thro' Pride as a spy-glass which *never* deceives—

The Ego *transcendent*—and—"straightway believes!"

Democritus winks while he laughs in his sleeves—

"Big thing!"

The Ego uprising with terrible pow'r—

"Big thing!"

Absorbs the poor mortal from that very hour!

"Big thing!"

Alas! for the frailty of humanized bliss—
 The lot of poor Jonah was nothing to this!
 The man in the Ego is always amiss,
 So Democritus laughs with an audible hiss—
 "Big thing!"

PART SECOND.

The Ego now makes the acquaintance of "*gents!*"
 "Big thing!"
 His spécial extension is dollars and cents—
 "Big thing!"
 Arrayed in a vesture which never corrodes,
 He treads the gay walks and Society's TOEDS—
 Believing himself a "*Colossus of Roads!*"
 Democritus gasps while his laughter explodes—
 "Big thing!"

Anon he descends for a short promenade,
 "Big thing!"
 And mingles with many a young man and maid;
 "Big thing!"
 Their talk, is of jargon, the radical root—
 There's nothing by him to be given, *in boot*,
 Between a *veiled* face and a *ponderous* foot!
 Democritus laughs with a horrible hoot—
 "Big thing!"

The Ego would ride in a "*carriage and four!*"
 "Big thing!"
 He loves to be seen, so he gets up before—
 "Big thing!"
 And if by good chance he should happen to meet
 A cargo of dry goods descending the street—
 But *not* for the purpose of showing her feet—
 He kisses his hand and bows down to the seat!
 Democritus laughs at so glozing a cheat—
 "Big thing!"

PART THIRD.

The Ego would enter within College walls!
 "Big thing!"
 Would gain *all* the honor which dwells in those halls!
 "Big thing!"
 Yet "*study's a bore!*" he declares with a frown—

A grand "*Bridge of Size*" to a mere empty crown—
 The "*Pons Asinorum*" to worldly renown!
 The laugh of Democritus rings thro' the town—
 "Big thing!"

The Ego looks high in his rope-yarn cravat—
 "Big thing!"
 Is dressed "*a la mode*" from his hose to his hat—
 "Big thing!"
 Tho' the tailor has claims on his coat and his vest—
 The hatter a *lien* on "*Mealio's Best*"—
 "When his '*fat*' will arrive these *liens* will find rest!"
 Democritus laughs, but the cause may be guessed—
 "Big thing!"

The Ego may "*cut*" but he ne'er "*fizzes blue*,"
 "Big thing!"
 He *never extenuates* truth—he is true!
 "Big thing!"
 And every known science—he's versed in it well—
 The "*why* and the *wherefore*" is ready to tell!
 All "*hard-polling*" students he vows are a—"sell!"
 Democritus laughed! from his lips softly fell—
 "Big thing!"

PART FOURTH.

The Ego goes forth to the struggle of life—
 "Big thing!"
 With a taste all his own he selects a good wife—
 "*Big thing!*"
 But alas! to be married—O, what a disaster!
 Both lashes and spurs falling thicker and faster,
 Force Ego to own that his wife is the master!
 Democritus laughs till his sides need a plaster—
 "Big thing!"

The Ego once conquered, the man lives in peace!
 "Big thing!"
 His friends and his fortunes together increase!
 "Big thing!"
 Diogenes smiles with his candle and can,
 That a *woman* should perfect his long-cherished plan;
 For now with no torch he may leisurely scan
 The *ghost* of his *day-search*—A REAL HONEST MAN!
 While Democritus laughs, *as well as he can*—

MAXIMA RES!

QUIS?

ORATORY.

ORATORY is usually defined to be the act of speaking in such a way as to attain the end in view. But the end in view may not be attained, and still the speaking be true oratory. Soon after James I. ascended the throne, Sir Walter Raleigh was arraigned on the charge of having conspired with Spain against the interests of his country. He defended himself with a view to establishing his innocence before the king, and averting the doom which was gathering over his devoted head. And such is said to have been the eloquence of his defence, that even the lip of malice paled and quivered before him, and multitudes who on the previous day would have gone a hundred miles to witness his execution, would now have gone a thousand to save his life. Yet on that same day of his defence, he exchanged all that was dear to liberty and life for the hapless lot of a traitor of that queenly isle.

To induce souls to Him who is the "Light of the world," and the "Shadow of a great rock in a weary land," was the end of the shining life of the pious and eloquent Summerfield. In his efforts he was often heard to speak with the charms of an angel. And such were the flashings of his genius that the poet Montgomery very beautifully likened him to the arrow of Acestes in Virgil, which took fire as it flew, and tracing its way in flames, disappeared only when it had fixed the wandering gaze of its beholders in the immensity of heaven. Yet Summerfield, like Him who "spake as never man spake," had occasion more than once to cry, "Who hath believed our report?" "I would oft have gathered you, but ye would not."

On the other hand, such may be the relations of the speaker to his audience, such the confidence of the audience in the intelligence, integrity or good will of the speaker, such the adaptation of the theme to the occasion, or such the inherent force of the proposition over the special mental state of the

hearers, that the speaker may attain the end for which he speaks, and yet the discourse by which he attains it, *not* be oratory. The pulpit, the field, the forum, the arena of daily life, furnish us with examples. What then is oratory? It is *impassioned argument*. It is speaking which "stirs the blood of men;" speaking, which in accordance with the laws of Thought and Expression, aims to convince and persuade, and which simultaneously with its impassioned march, irresistibly moves the soul.—And Thought, Expression, and Delivery, as required by the laws of Invention, Style, and Elocution, are the immediate means which the orator employs with a view to securing his triune aim. An occasion of immortal moment has convened a mighty multitude of men. An honored personage, rising in their presence,

"Stands in himself collected; while each part,
Motion, each act, wins audience ere the tongue."

There is an object with respect to which he would convince the understanding, and, rousing the passions, would move the will of the multitude before him. No stranger to what is requisite in him, nor, unarmed with intellectual and moral might, he feels within and shows without the confidence which exercise and culture, and a conscious sufficiency to the work before him, alone are able to inspire. Acquainted, too, with the hidden workings of intellect and the springs of feeling, he consults the character of his hearers, the nature and extent of their information, their peculiar habits of thought, their feelings in reference to his object, their feelings and relations to himself; and with respect to these, the place, and the occasion, his theme has been chosen or accepted; with separate and combined respect to these, his introduction, division, discussion and peroration, press together towards the desired object as embattled squadrons press towards desired victory. He lacks not in felicitous illustration, nor in disposition, nor in

cogency of argument; while through and above all, his thoughts move and shine like Milton's morn that went forth

"Such as in highest Heaven, arrayed in gold
Empyreal; from before her vanished night
Shot through with orient beams."

His style is pleasing to the ear, and to the mind—possessed of euphony and harmony, clear, energetic, and elegant. His words, "like so many nimble and airy servitors, trip about him at command, and in well ordered files as he would wish, fall aptly into their own places." And the continuity of emotion is unbroken.

Nam quid aliud est eloquentia nisi motus animæ continuus?

His delivery is that of a modest, yet determined, intrepid, honest man—earnest, impassioned, natural. His soul within him *feels*, and in a nameless language speaks in every beam and flash of his eye, in every lineament of his countenance, in every movement of his body, in every intonation of his voice; and all that is seen, and all that is heard, like the waves expressing the emotions of the spirit of the deep, like the willow fanned by the breath of summer, like the stately tree in obedience to the eddying winds, is nature's spontaneous, unmistakable *own*. His own blood is stirred, and he "stirs the blood of men."

"Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water."

KNOWLEDGE OF HUMAN NATURE.

THE study of mankind is curious and profitable. It opens many interesting sources of knowledge, and teaches us to look into the motives of our fellow-men. The many manifestations of character we daily find, offer a vast field for profound thought. To reach out and comprehend human nature, is one

of the highest objects of reason. Every man obtains a certain degree of this knowledge. It is impossible for even a careless man to pass through life without knowing something of the beings by whom he is surrounded. It is natural to observe our fellows and watch their progress. We note their peculiarities, search their motives, and reason the propriety of their conduct. Men exhibit themselves in thought, feeling, and action. One man displays shrewdness; another, energy; a third, inspires and directs the public pulse. Men calculate, bargain, and get gain. They are greedy, selfish, and ambitious. Every-day life is a panorama of men watching, studying, anxious to drive bargains. The busy and stirring city is human nature in a mighty activity. Practical men conduct the greater part of its operations. They understand the more evident principles upon which business is managed; they have mingled with men from youth, and know the means of immediate influence. They know men as customers, and deal with whims, fancies, and prejudices; they study to turn poor nature into cash. Every artisan has hardly any higher motive than to please and derive profit. The great practical world is a community of traffic, and every one studies to get his share of trade. Thus we find mankind in every branch of industry seeking that knowledge which will yield a good degree of patronage. And while it appropriates to itself the gain, is yet of vast service to the world.

It is thought necessary to be among men to understand human nature. To be a practical man: to see men as they are. But this is nothing more than practical knowledge. It is generally sordid. To be active, sharp, a good salesman, are qualifications which the business world wants. Its knowledge consists in knowing how to deal with profit, and transact commerce with shrewdness. This knowledge is only successful as it meets encouragement from immediate practice. Tact has much to do with success here. From a long intercourse with

men as bargain-makers, individuals become shrewd, and success is generally measured by the tact with which he applies his knowledge of men. The world certainly teaches human nature to one who is moving and acting in it, but it gives only that knowledge which is requisite for the modes of business. The uses and advantages of such a knowledge are undisputed, and it is, too, highly necessary. We must have practical men; they attend to the minor business with exactness, as well as often to matters of importance. But we say that a knowledge of human nature, higher and better, can be obtained otherwise.

The student has the means of getting the highest and best knowledge of human nature. He studies it from a broader view. He studies the motives which excite the will to action. College life is said to be a good field for this study. The influences of associates teach us how men think, feel, and act in the mass. The different characters met with are types of so many kinds of men. It is true here we study mankind. Yet we often understand it in a limited sense. It is not so much the practical study as the deep foundations laid to form judgments of men in every sphere. It is not, then, confined to observing how men talk, walk, laugh, run, stand or sit, although men show their natures even in these acts, and we judge of them as active, merry, lazy, or stupid. The hard student becomes more intimately acquainted with men every day. It is not necessary for him to associate continually with his fellow-men; he studies them by reflecting on himself, by observation, and by intercourse with great minds in books. President Edwards moved little amongst men, and yet he fully understood the minutest elements of human nature. The popular idea is, that one must take the benefit of foreign or domestic travel in order to understand men. But it is a mistaken idea. No one can become skilled in this knowledge who does not carefully study it. "Know thyself" is as applicable now as ever. And it is thus,

"The proper study of mankind is man."

This knowledge is of great advantage. He who understands the motives of men can produce conviction where an ignorant person fails to find a cause. It forms a basis for all successful public life. And, while it purifies and ennobles our own being, it gives the power to reach the great heart of humanity; it establishes true sympathy, and confirms the system of mutual dependence which God has established in the earth.

Let a knowledge of human nature be an important part of education. Every man contributes to his own happiness and advancement by cultivating it. Yet he who gets the most accurate and extensive knowledge may not be always the most successful, but he has an invaluable source of inward delight. Ordinary men will judge very surely of the liberality or parsimony of their neighbors; but they judge not from the motives, while the student of mankind looks deeply into the soul and correctly understands the higher principles of human action.

SAM.

IMITATION AND IMITATORS.

THE character of actions and men can never be rightly estimated without a knowledge of the motives which impel, and the circumstances which environ. First impressions—though sometimes correct—are by no means reliable; they may be indicative of truth in a degree, and to a certain extent, but further than this oftentimes they are totally, if not perniciously false. Clearly to indicate the boundary line, which separates the valuable from the base, the true from the false, that which elevates from that which degrades, is frequently a difficult problem for solution, and yet at the same time one whose practical importance will ever remain unquestioned. The pursuit of a few such inquiries as we have indicated, with respect to *imitation*, is the purpose which we now have in view. Among the essential powers of intellect, with which our race

was originally endowed, stands prominent that faculty whereby we trace the resemblance of one object to another. Whether or not this should be considered a separate and distinct mental power, it affects not our purpose to determine, yet upon the *existence* of such a power hinges every true process of generalization and this places it at once the corner-stone of all scientific inquiry. A further manifestation of this faculty will be illustrated as we advance in the discussion of our subject; for, while actual resemblance—clearly discerned—is requisite to generalization, the very idea of imitation implies the absence of certain qualities, which the mind recognizes as necessary in order that the relation of similarity may subsist. Imitation endeavors to supply that which will render several dissimilar objects *fit* to be classified together—this is its entire province—and this classification, though not always the ostensible purpose, is yet the necessary termination of every act of successful imitation. For example, we see a man possessing remarkable powers of oratory; we scrutinize his style, mark its peculiarities, and observe carefully his manner, gesture, and the tones of his voice; in these and in other respects wherein he excels, we strive to be like him. Why? It may be in order to greater usefulness; it may be merely to gratify a spirit of ambition; the motives may be various; but the common result is, so far as we are successful, that we are classified with the object of our imitation under the genus *eloquent men*. And so in every department of excellence a similar classification takes place. At this point there is presented to our view what at first appears very like an exception. The *imitative arts*, what shall be said of them? How can nature be classified with its mere reproduction on canvas or in marble? But this is only a *seeming* objection to our theory. In reality, nature itself is not the real object of imitation; no man could be so infatuated as to think *actually* to reproduce the works of God. It is the beauty alone which is copied—only that particular æsthetic idea, which is concretely represented, and can

only be thus presented, by a configuration of objects or parts such as gives to the natural scene itself its true character and excellence. In proportion to the artist's success the product of his skill and his model are characterized by one common element of beauty; not similar in degree merely, not only in kind, but absolutely indetical. The case is not materially altered, when we cease to copy nature as it is found, and employ as models our own conceptions of the purely æsthetical.

We now proceed to consider imitation with respect to the motives which lead to its exercise; and this of course will involve its moral bearing upon human society. If we were to trace all acts of imitation back to their rational causes, we should invariably find *these* to consist of a disposition to attain unto what is conceived of as *good*. It will readily be seen that we do not confine the term *good* within the limits of its purely *moral* signification, but extend it so as to embrace all things which men usually desire, whether intellectual, physical, moral or æsthetical. What men desire, or regard desirable, of course vary even as does the mind itself; so, therefore, the objective motives to imitation vary in different persons. Within the restrictions of propriety these motives are worthy of their influence, provided only that the true character of the object sought has not been misapprehended or perverted. Traits, properties or qualities which may lawfully call forth our admiration, and which, therefore, may be considered proper objects of imitation, are things not merely *esteemed* good or useful, but *actually* such; this is the only test of all proper motives of this kind. Here, then, is to be found the main spring of the whole matter—the *cause* to which all acts of imitation must *rationally* be assigned, whether those acts originate in a well-defined *motive*, or are nearer akin to the *instinct* of certain of the lower animals. That the faculty of mind, which renders imitation natural to us, was *designed* to be thus exercised, admits of no question; its *existence* is the proof.

We have, moreover, the highest possible testimony to this effect in the teachings of Scripture; for example: We are taught to be "perfect even as our Father which is in Heaven is perfect." In like manner, St. Paul admonishes the Corinthians, that they be "followers of him even as he is of Christ." Now if imitation be thus admissible in morals and religion, certainly there can be nothing intrinsically evil or unworthy about it; and, hence, its exercise is also proper in every other department of life.

As in case of our other powers of mind or body, so in that under consideration, it has been wisely arranged that exercise is capable of imparting a certain kind of pleasure entirely irrespective of the results at which it aims. The delight thus derived is not only a concomitant, but it *may properly* be an end in itself. It has been maintained by a certain school of moralists that one grand object of man's existence is the pursuit of happiness. While we would not be understood for a moment to advocate such a theory as this, it cannot be doubted that the pursuit of rational pleasure *is right, provided, always*, it does not interfere with duties having a prior claim to our attention. We are prepared, then, to regard the motives to imitation under two classes, according as the end *in view* is (1) pleasure, or (2) utility. These two classes of motives are clearly distinguishable from each other, although they may *both* operate to produce a *single act*. Convenience requires that they be separately considered.

I. We shall first notice the department of the imitative arts, to which allusion has already been made. Here, as the very definition of *fine art* would imply, the one great object sought is pleasure, and, so far as its essential character is concerned, all other motives, if any such exist, are but incidental. If we were now to inquire wherein *consists* the pleasure derived from the pursuit of the imitative arts, it would be found to be in part the *present act* of imitating, but chiefly the *prospect* and

realization of a result. The attainment of a desirable object is always a theme for self-gratulation, but we have every reason to believe that it is the cause of peculiar delight to the devotees of art; the sensitiveness which they evince in all that relates to their success or failure is without a parallel in any of the other walks of life. This fact cannot be explained by a reference to a universal desire to succeed; for if so, why the *intensity*? The true reason is found in the object of imitation, whether it be external nature or an inward conception. It is in a peculiar sense that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever" to the artist, and it is the *power* of beauty which compels imitation. The product of artistic skill is often the occasion of greater delight both to the author and to all admirers of his profession, than even a view of the natural scene or object of which it is in a certain sense a reproduction. This arises from the fact that it is the result of imitation, or, as was remarked in a former place, we derive pleasure because we are able to abstract a *common* element of beauty from both copy and model. We pass now to another consideration. The dread of singularity is but another expression for the love of resemblance. This feeling is instinctive, that is to say, the acts of imitation to which it gives rise are not induced by the *conscious* desire of any known good, but so far as any motive can be assigned for it, that motive is *pleasure*. The reason why men, living in the same age and country, adopt a similar costume, is not, we are compelled to believe, any advantage resulting from dressing in one style rather than another. Our ancestors were in no wise benefitted by their huge powdered wigs, nor is a Chinaman in any way profited by his peculiar mode of hair-dressing, neither do we imagine that certain Princeton students derived any signal advantage from the use of the Oxford caps a few years ago. The love of imitation is the root of these and all similar instances, being continually manifested in all the relations of human society. Within the

limits of common sense this is legitimate, and not only so, but it is the source of much good, and a safeguard against many inconveniences. This principle is universal, being never set aside unless there be some powerful motive to the contrary. The love of imitation and certain motives acting in opposition to it, will at once be recognized as a complete explanation of all the caprices of fashion. * Before proceeding to the second class of motives, we notice a certain species of imitation, the motives to which are so doubtful in character as to render it uncertain where they should be located. Indeed, they seem to resemble the blind instinct of the brute, rather than the intelligent feelings of a rational being; but as brutes pursue the gratification of their appetites as the only object of their existence, we view these (falsely called) motives in the present connection. There is a class of men, who habitually imitate, they know not why—it might be said, they care not whom or what. Whether it be indeed blind instinct which impels them, or a sense of inferiority—a feeling that they are incompetent to regulate their own conduct, and to be their own masters, they need hardly be known to be despised. The servile imitator is by no means a rarity; such persons are met almost every day, though they do not at all times manifest their peculiar traits. These propensities also are possessed in different degrees, but whenever and however manifested they are alike to be contemned.

II. We next consider *objective utility* as a motive to imitation. In the former part of this article, it was shown at some length, that classification is the necessary *result* of every act of successful imitation. Let us view it now as an *object sought*. Next to being in actual possession of what is intrinsically good, association in name and reality with others, who partake largely of such excellence, is perhaps the most worthy end that can be desired. To be enrolled among the number of the great and good—to be linked with the acknowledged benefac-

tors of our race, with those who have signally promoted the social, political, moral or external interests of humanity, is indeed a noble object of ambition. Its attainment is no poisonous draught of empty fame; it is a *pure* fountain overflowing with benevolence to man, the mists from its surface arising unseen to Heaven. The cherishing of such desires as these cannot fail to elevate human character and give a right direction to the exercise of all our powers. So far, then, as imitation is designed to accomplish these ends it is not only lawful, but on the other hand to refuse on any pretext to adopt what is seen in others to be good and useful, must be ever regarded as stubbornness and folly. To treat separately of all the objective motives to imitation would be a task too great to be here assumed; their general nature, however, may be indicated, and the proper sphere of their exercise may be roughly defined. In the first place, that which may properly be imitated, must be in itself a *good*; if not, all attempts in that direction will be illegitimate. To mistake the true nature of the object sought, is an error at the very outset, and if the *first* step be wrong, those which follow will of course partake of the same character. Again, it will rarely be found that any one person or object possesses or consists of unalloyed worth; hence that which is good must be distinguished from what is undesirable. The former should be imitated and the latter rejected, not from any blind impulse, but from rational motives only. Imitation becomes servility, unless practiced for a *reason*, and accompanied with intelligence and discrimination; for independence of thought is an inalienable right, and may *never* be sacrificed. Directly opposed to real freedom of thought is the affectation of singularity—the voluntary assumption of that eccentricity sometimes mistaken for genius. The best proof is here given that all true independence is wanting; for imitation—so fondly thought to have been avoided—is present in one of its grossest forms—a willing bondage

to the merest foibles incident to greatness. But originality is not inconsistent with a proper kind of imitation; they were intended to exist side by side, and bear a reciprocal relation to each other. As the artist could have but very faint conceptions of the beautiful without communing with the beauties in nature, so in all other departments much that is excellent would remain unobserved, were it not presented in the *concrete* to our notice. Thus should men in their mutual relations to each other be ever *both model and copy*. To imitate at the dictates of reason, and with a view to the attainment of rational ends, is the *highest* act of an independent mind.

NEO.

Editor's Table.

Docility is the best apology for ignorance. Accordingly, so far as we may fail in satisfying the tastes of our readers, our defence is an earnest interest in meeting them. But it would take us beyond our bounds and depth even to attempt to suit the peculiar desires of every class. Several topics have on this ground been excluded from the fare of this table, two of which, it is hoped, may be missed.

In the first place, we have little room for '*Autobiography*,' at least no room for the revelation of editorial burdens, the complaints against obstinate debtors, and, most of all, for the stories of the midnight lamp, waning to its unavailing exit. Nor, considering ourselves the type of the class, relate how the unthanked fraternity,

"Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep,"

waste their precious brains for nought, and, immolating themselves on the altar of benevolence, rob their unselfish souls of the incense of posthumous praise. On the other hand, '*Cutes*,' are not our element. Pending the controversy about the derivation of the word, we shall be arbitrary, make our own derivation, de-

rive them from *cut* and treat them accordingly. Taking then as our maxim, *of others as ourselves*, let us deal no more with introduction or generalities.

Among the many outside-of-the-class-room appliances, which students have for enjoying themselves, one of the most pleasant and valuable is conversation; and quite a prominent feature or mode of these communications is *discussion*. A few words, then, on this topic. Whether healthy or otherwise, the atmosphere of Princeton is quite favorable to the development and interchange of opinions. It is the natural result of the presence of minds of many descriptions and characters hard to compare; especially when all are engaged in investigating truth, often with independent thought. Thus friend comes into conflict as well as contact with friend, realizing on another scale that the regions of attraction and repulsion alternate swiftly as in the world of matter. Heartless neutrality and an often advisable non-committalism have but few of their exponents in the midst of us. There is too much vivacity for indifference, too little direct influence upon the world to require silence, or make policy the guide of utterance. Possessing, perhaps, some pride of opinion—at least without inclination or weighty motive to suppress our views—we are led to discuss the greater or minor questions of the day, from the reliability of the latest news up to those of metaphysical and national importance, with a familiarity which the decriers of discussion would mark as precocious. Verily, the cause is not the stated antecedent, else the study-hours and the recitation-room would too often furnish the sword of argument and the shield of conviction. In speaking thus, of course the reservation is made, that these weapons of warfare neither are, nor ought to be, made paramount to the instrument of peace. But with all respect to prohibitions, we continue to believe in debate as an agent for truth. So long as the spirit of discussion is not improper, it may be doubted whether, in ordinary cases, much more restraint should be put upon it. Speaking for our fellow-students, it may be said, that tolerance, more than submission, characterizes the conflicts; and earnestness, more generally than wrath. Rare exceptions to

this remark will not vitiate the rule. And, happily, to test such deviations there is an infallible Golden Rule, which itself knows no exception as a guide of *private* conduct.

But to search for truth, and to oppose opinions we cannot adopt is one thing, to set our opinion in the face and in defiance of positive law, is unalterably another. Here the liberty of act, and tongue and Press breathes its last, and the quenchless liberty of thought alone supplies the vacuum.

We are glad to say that there is much unanimity upon the question which divides the land. The absorbing interest of this theme has therefore rather restrained than given an impetus to discussion. The polemics of the nation have made former disputants fellow-soldiers. Those, indeed, were real contests to eradicate mutual errors, but only mimic battles, in comparison with the death-struggle, which a nation, accepting with reluctance, but boldness and faith, is making to drive out from her soil that Error of the century. Thus one topic has been lost sight of in its grander relation to another. But we could not express, if we tried, the depth of feeling and the breadth of thought, which from this source as from others is breathed (it is not amiss to say,) to the God of nations, and offered in devotion to the country we so fondly believe He has hallowed to be one.

It is not for us to question the sincerity, nor, perhaps, in our present capacity, the logic of those who cannot agree with us here. One suggestion, however, as to what seems to us to be an error arising from confusion—a semi-logical fallacy. There is an occasional tendency to confound private and official duties, and to assume that all those virtues which are obligatory upon citizens as individuals, are also virtues obligatory upon citizens as a body. For example and in particular, forbearance to the utmost limit, and meekness under injuries are to be enjoined, and retaliation and punishment forbidden to those who are not vested with authority; but these are not truths in political science. No man, acting for the community, and in an official position, has the right to turn the other cheek to the offender. The judge

dare not consult his human feelings, and ignore or forgive an insult to the State. Still more, "that a legislator should be bound to exercise mercy, is a solecism." That these truths are not always adhered to, and that much is left to the discretion of an executive, only proves that the details of no government are perfect. But, if they should be neglected in *vital* matters, where delay is death, then there is no law. War or anarchy, therefore, is the issue forced upon the acceptance of this people. If this be the alternative, then it seems to us that where it is distinctly apprehended, the choice, although between two great evils, cannot be doubtful.

The Republic of our Fathers: her best safety is in the loyalty of her people; may she soon stand secure without the palladium of the sword.

A few items occur to our mind, which may be recorded. How the College, and also the town, have been startled to excitement; how several students were suspended, the wherefore and the result, not only Princeton but the world knoweth. Several versions of the episode, of anonymous origin, published in the daily papers, must have perplexed the public, and given them needless anxiety about the orthodoxy of the College. But all is now in grateful quiet.

Nature, too, is falling back into her chronic calm. The equinoctial storm is past, and, as present appearances indicate, we may look now for unusual repose, even until we slide into Indian summer—the second childhood of the year. Autumn fairly begun, it is to be supposed that

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year."

But we do not see them. These equable and voiceless days and nights, unwinding from the vast rolling wheel of Time their even threads, seem not in mourning. To be sure, this is not the jocund air of Spring, nor the active bustle of Summer; but it is the sedate yet satisfied, resigned and hopeful face of him who is finishing his course. We do not intend by any means to say that the poet is wrong, but a mental mood prompts us to look at it from

another stand-point. The Senior speaking will begin in a few weeks now, but as we do not care to anticipate the action of the class, we will leave them to speak for themselves. The photographers have been among us again, and the class have selected for this year **MR. JOHNSON** of New York. We give him, certainly with all sincerity, the popular wish for his best success. And then, it seems to us it ought to be mentioned, that another member of '62 has left us before graduation, and is one of the soldiers in what is at present our Army of Defence before the Capitol at Washington. May he live and not die.

The day recommended to the Nation for special prayer and fasting, which has just passed, was observed, it seems safe to say, with a deeper and more general interest than is usual even to occasions of such moment. The attendance at every meeting was full, and the number of such meetings in the town unusually large.

In regard to the finances of the Magazine, the Editor thinks proper to say that, while they are such as to insure its regular appearance, yet either the punctuality of present subscribers, or an increase of its list, will be appreciated by those who are directly responsible for its publication, and who are determined to make sacrifices, if necessary, in its behalf.

But our time is almost up, and our duty either done or must be left unfinished. We return our thanks especially for that practical benevolence, which, from both Senior and lower classes, has loaded us with more favors than our pages have room to acknowledge. The position we appreciate as much for its source, as for its contents; but we have not found its duties too burdensome to bear. There are, therefore, no regrets to offer, no dissatisfaction to reveal. Only the pleasant associations have been strong enough to remain the memorial of what we have been.

THE EDITOR.

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